

VOL 4 NO. 9

DECEMBER 1944

The Shadow comic

10¢



THE SHADOW FINDS

The Ghost-Guarded Treasure
of the Haunted Glen

Proving



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The SHADOW and the HAUNTED GLEN

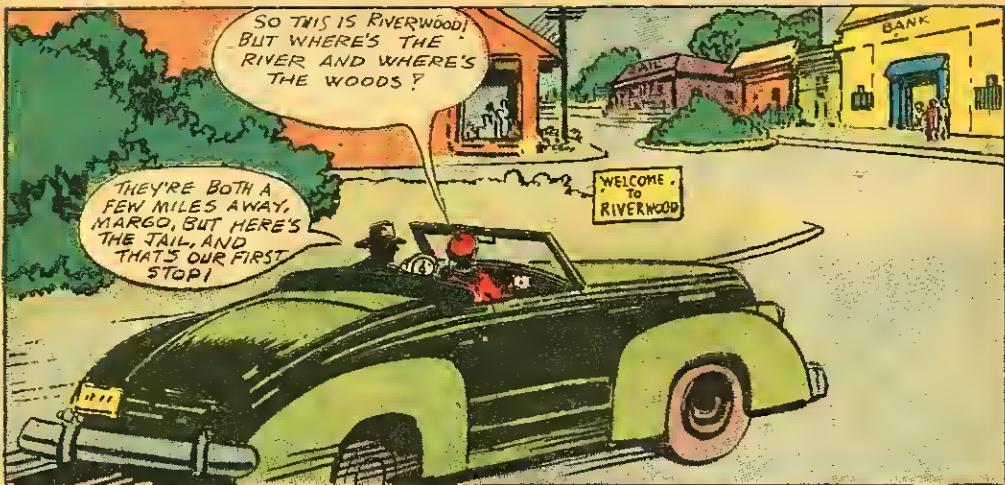


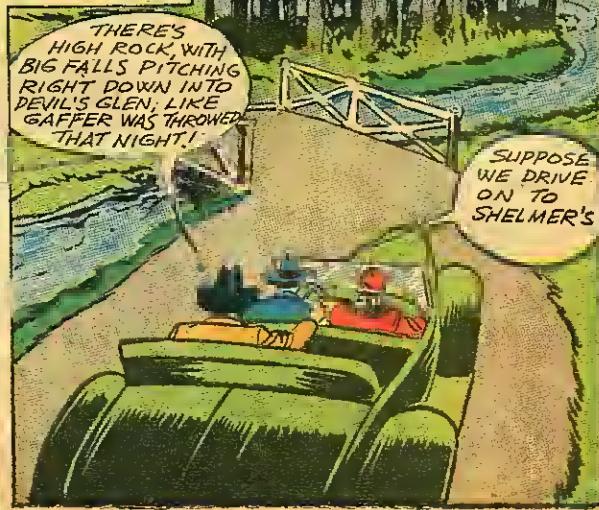
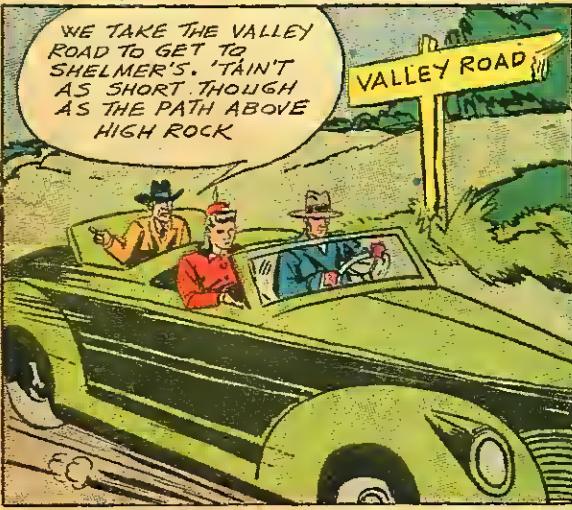
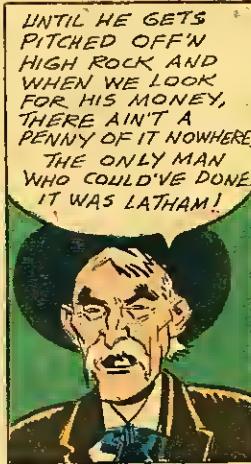
SUMMONED TO THE TOWN OF RIVERWOOD, LAMONT CRANSTON AND MARGO LANE ARE ON THEIR TO A STRANGE AND WEIRD ADVENTURE!!!!

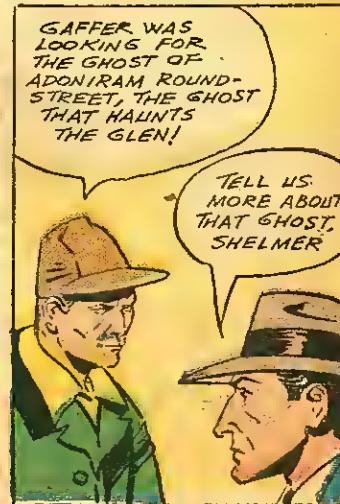
REALLY,
LAMONT, I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND WHY
ANYBODY WOULD
CHARGE A NICE
CHAP LIKE REGGIE
LATHAM WITH A
CRIME LIKE
MURDER!

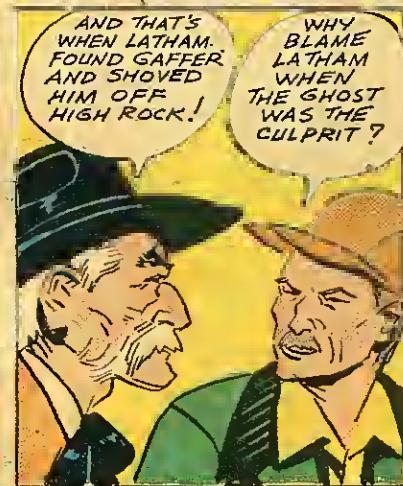
HE HASN'T
ANY ALIBI,
MARGO, AND
THE ONLY
OTHER SUSPECT
IS A
GHOST!

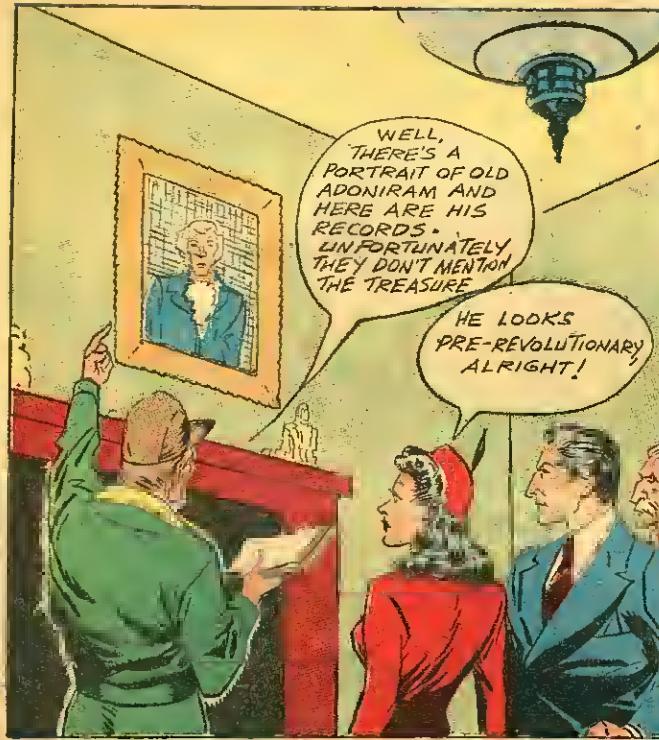
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LATE THAT
EVENING...

THIS IS YOUR
ROOM, MISS
LANE. GOOD-
NIGHT

THE DOG HOWL! NO...IT'S
ONLY THE WIND!, BUT
WHAT A WEIRD NIGHT!
MAYBE THAT GLEN IS
HAUNTED! SAY....



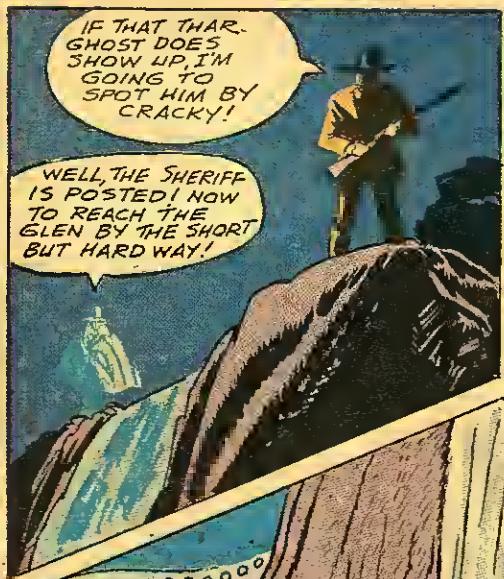
THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! WITH
THIS SHEET, I CAN PLAY THE
GHOST AND IF THE SHERIFF
.IS WATCHING THE GLEN, HE'LL
THINK IT'S REALLY
HAUNTED!



MEANWHILE

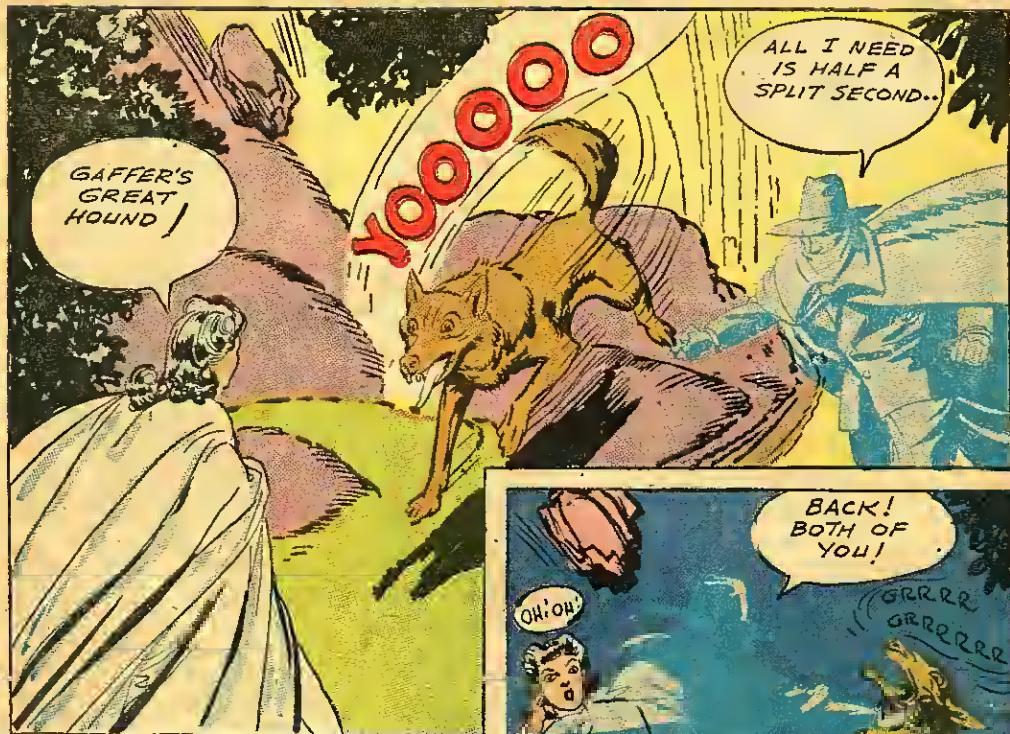
AND IF THE SHERIFF IS
UP THERE, I'LL GO DOWN
INTO THE GLEN AND ARRANGE
THE PAY-OFF! FIRST TO
HIGH ROCK...

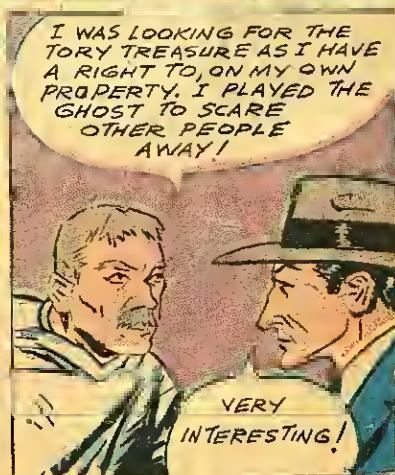


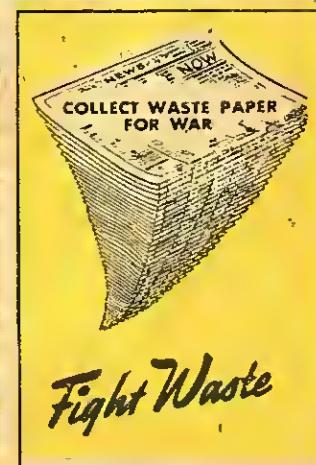




LIKE A WAIL OF DOOM FROM THE GLOOM FROM BELOW THE GLEN COMES THE REAL TERROR OF THIS WEIRD NIGHT!!! TURN THE PAGE BEFORE YOU. FAINT AND SEE.....







DOC JULIAGE

IN "SQUARE DEAL"



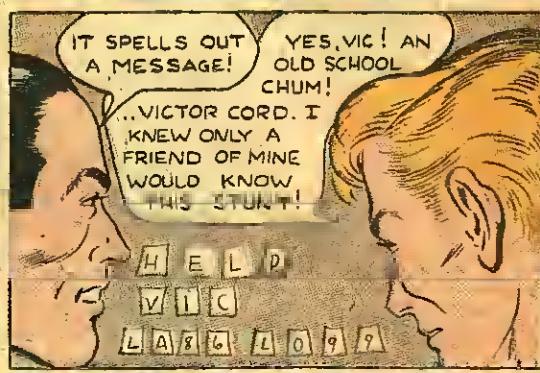
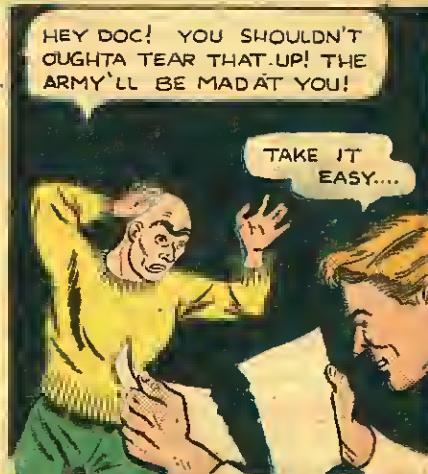
IF THAT BOTTLE HADN'T REACHED DOC, OR IF IT HAD SUNK, OR IF IT HAD BROKEN, THIS FOLLOWING STORY WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN WRITTEN, AND A BRAVE MAN WOULD HAVE DIED AT THE HANDS OF THE PITILESS JAPS. BUT THE BOTTLE DID REACH DOC....

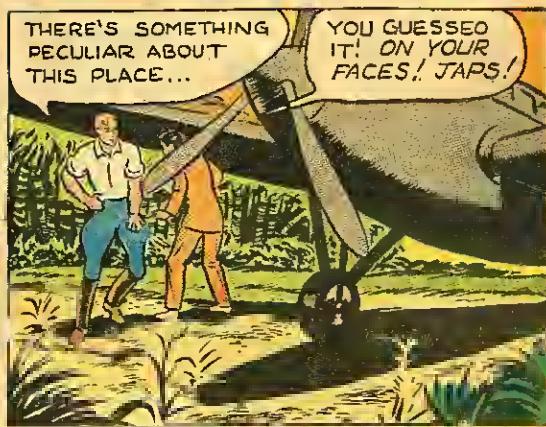
A "PT" BOAT FOUND THIS BOTTLE IN THE WATER. THE NAVY HAS EXAMINED THE MESSAGE IN IT. IT WAS WRITTEN IN INVISIBLE INK, AND WE'VE DEVELOPED IT, BUT WE NEED YOUR HELP TO DECIPHER IT.

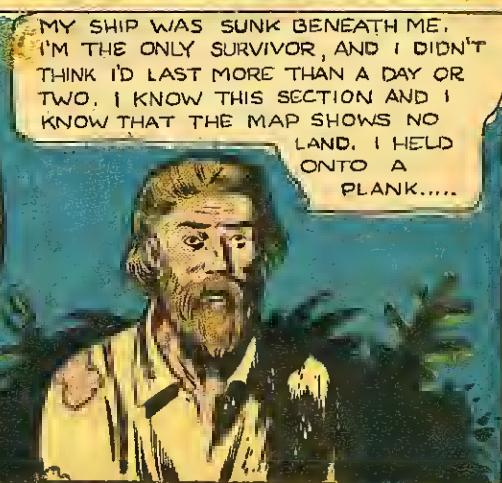
I'LL DO MY BEST....

WHAT'S COOKING DOC?

NAVY INTELLIGENCE THEY CAN'T DOPE OUT THIS MESSAGE!







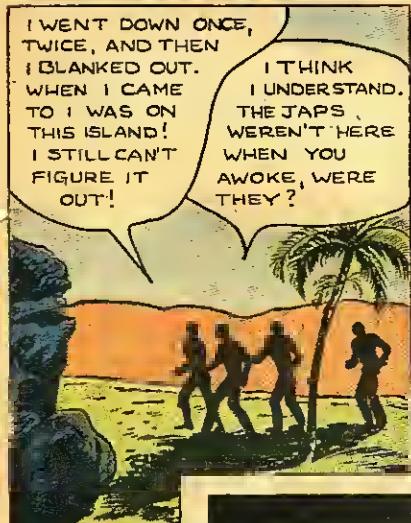
VICTOR'S STORY

THIS IS FUTILE. I'VE LASTED TWO DAYS. NO FOOD...NO WATER... THIS IS THE END. I'LL LET GO....

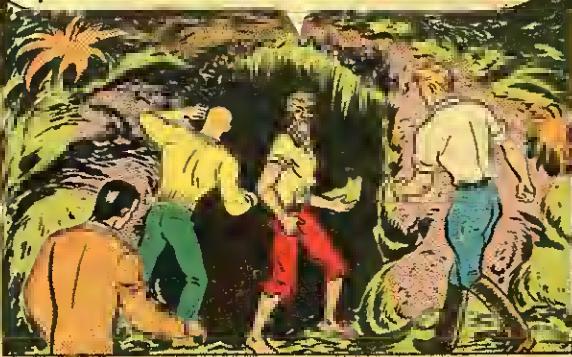


I WENT DOWN ONCE, TWICE, AND THEN I BLANKED OUT. WHEN I CAME TO I WAS ON THIS ISLAND! I STILL CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT!

I THINK I UNDERSTAND. THE JAPS WEREN'T HERE WHEN YOU AWOKE, WERE THEY?



NO! THEY CAME A FEW WEEKS LATER. THEY ARE STRONGLY ENTRENCHED HERE. I'VE BEEN HIDING EVER SINCE THEY ARRIVED. I'M SORT OF A ONE-MAN UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT. EVERY DARK NIGHT I PICK OFF AT LEAST ONE OF THEM ... BUT I NEEDED HELP....



THIS ISLAND IS OF GREAT STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE! THE JAPS HAVE BEGUN TO FORTIFY IT. THAT'S WHY I SENT THE MESSAGE. I HAD TO MAKE IT CRYPTIC FOR FEAR THE JAPS WOULD FIND IT.

OUR JOB, THEN, IS TO SOMEHOW REMOVE THE JAP'S MENACE....



WHAT ABOUT OUR PLANE, DOC? THE JAPS - WE TIED UP WILL TELL THE OTHERS ABOUT OUR BEING HERE!

THERE WAS NO WAY TO HIDE THE PLANE. THIS WAY I THINK THE JAPS MAY LEAVE IT ALONE IN ORDER TO USE IT AS BAIT TO CATCH US AGAIN.



DOC FIGURES CORRECTLY....

SURROUND THE PRANE WITH ALL
PIECE OF ARMAMENT WE HAVE.....
WHEN THEY RETURN, WE WILL
BLAST THEM OUT OF EXISTENCE!



**DAYS PASS AS DOC GRAPPLES WITH THE
PROBLEM OF DESTROYING THE JAP
STRONGHOLD WITH NO MATERIALS.....**

WE'RE HELP-
LESS. WE
DON'T DARE
TO TRY TO
ESCAPE WITH THESE
JAPS MENACING
THE ALLIES IN
THE PACIFIC...
WE HAVE ONLY
ONE CHANCE.....

DOC, THEY'RE GONNA FIND
US SOON! THEY ALMOST
DID LAST NIGHT! WHAT'LL
WE DO?



WHAT IS THE ONE CHANCE?

LISTEN, ALL OF YOU!
DO YOU HEAR A LOW
SUSTERRANEAN RUMBLE?

WHY.....NOW THAT
YOU MENTION IT,
YES!



THEY WILL TRY TO WIPE US OUT
WHEN THEY SEE US, WAIT UNTIL
I GIVE THE SIGNAL BEFORE YOU
RUN FOR THE PLANE!

HOW CAN WE REACH THE
PLANE WITH THEM ALL
READY FOR
US?



THE SOUND IS
GETTING LOUDER!
WHEN I SAY
THREE!ONE....

IT'S GOTTA BE
AN AWFUL LOUD
NOISE TO GET
US BACK IN
THE PLANE!



TWO...THREE!



SCREAMING BULLETS MISS THEIR MARK, AS THE VERY EARTH SHIFTS AND SWAYS.....

IF THIS IS AN EARTH-QUAKE, IT'S THE QUEEREST ONE I'VE EVER EXPERIENCED!

THIS IS NO EARTHQUAKE! IT'S FATHER NEPTUNE, RECLAIMING SOME OF HIS PROPERTY!

ZING ZING
COWARDS! ISS NOTHING! MERE EARTH TLEMBLE! FIRE! G***!!!

I HAVE THEM IN THE CROSS-HAIRS!

GOOD...! SSHOOTT!

HEY, OOC ! LOOK, THE ISLAND IS GOING DOWN LIKE AN ELEVATOR!

SSHOOTT!

WHEW! THAT WAS THE CLOSEST WE EVER CAME! THAT GUN HAD US DEAD TO RIGHTS, THEN, GEE! POOF! ND JAPS! WHAT GIVES WITH THIS ISLAND, DOC? LOOK AT IT GO DOWN!

IT'S GOING BACK WHERE IT CAME FROM!

"SCATTERED ALL OVER THE WORLD ARE LEGENDS TELLING OF STRANGE ISLANDS WHICH RISE FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN, STAY ON THE SURFACE A SHORT TIME, AND THEN..."

IT WAS THE ISLAND THAT SAVED ME! IT ROSE BENEATH ME AS I WENT DOWN....

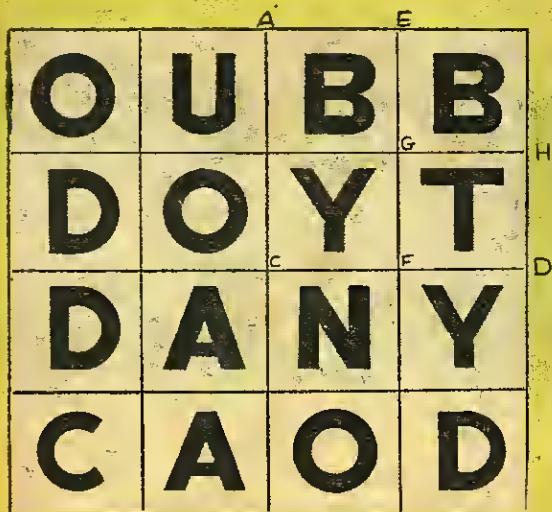
THEN IT SANK! THAT'S WHY THE FOLIAGE SEEMED SO UNEARTHLY! IT WAS UNDER-WATER PLANT LIFE!

I HOPE THAT ISLAND WON'T RISE AGAIN FOR A HUNDRED YEARS! SAY, DOC... HOW'D YOU DOPED OUT THAT MESSAGE THAT VICTOR SENT YOU?

THAT'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL WE GET HOME. THEN I'LL SEND YOU THE SAME KIND OF MESSAGE!



HERE IS THE MESSAGE
DOC GAVE MONK!



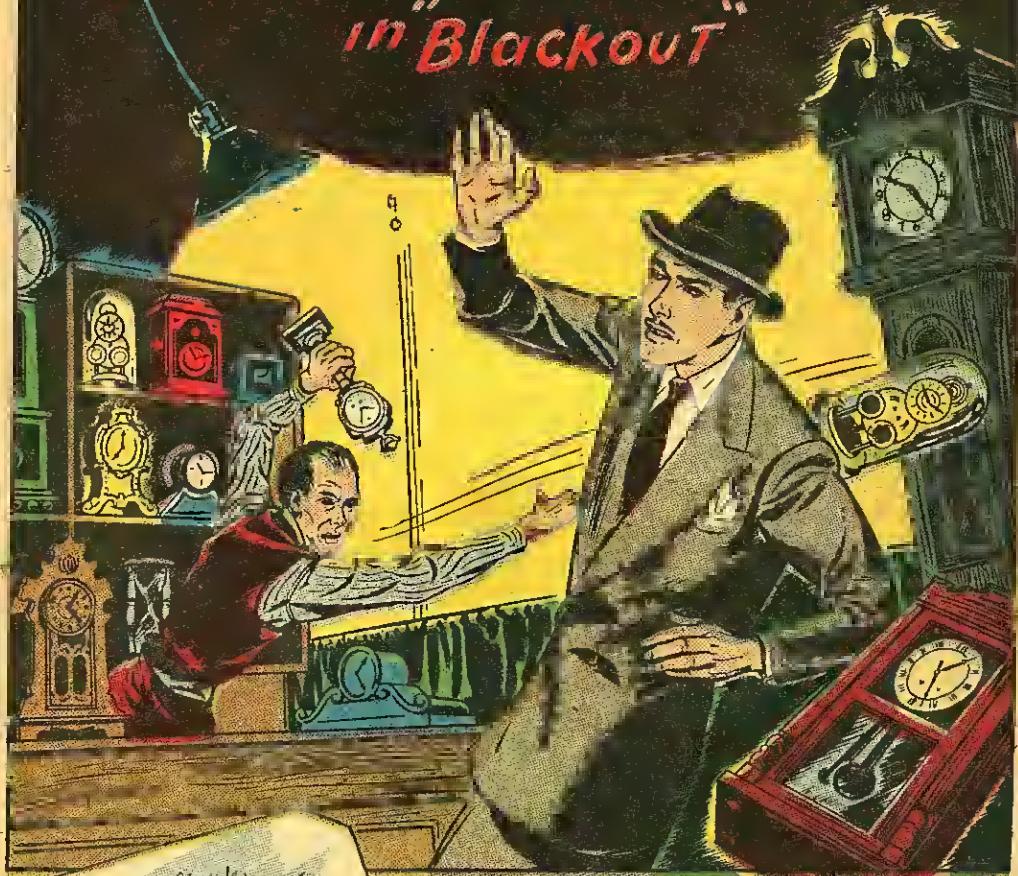
DIRECTIONS

CUT OR TEAR , FROM A TO B. THEN PLACE THE RIGHT PORTION ON TOP OF THE LEFT NEXT , TEAR THRU BOTH FROM C TO D AGAIN TEAR , THIS TIME FROM E TO F. AGAIN PLACE THE RIGHT-HAND SECTION ON TOP OF THE LEFT. FINALLY, TEAR FROM G TO H YOU WILL FIND YOU HAVE A STACK OF 16 PIECES.

LAY THEM OUT FROM LEFT TO RIGHT AND YOU WILL SEE DOC'S MESSAGE TO MONK AND TO YOU!

NICK CARTER

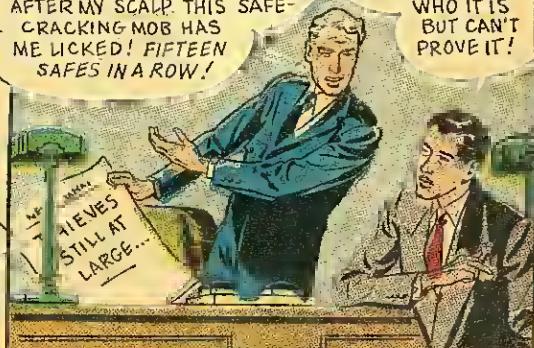
"Blackout"



Dear Chick,
I promised I'd write
as soon as an un-
usual case came
along. Well this one
was a real diller.
The strange thing
about it was that I'd
never have solved it
if it hadn't been for
you despite the fact
that you're an air
Caille and knew
nothing of all this.
It began

NICK, I'M READY TO GIVE UP!
THE PAPERS ARE HOWLING FOR
ME TO RESIGN. THE MAYOR IS
AFTER MY SCALP. THIS SAFE-
CRACKING MOB HAS
ME LICKED! FIFTEEN
SAFES IN A ROW!

AND YOUR ONLY
CLUE IS THAT YOU
THINK YOU KNOW
WHO IT IS
BUT CAN'T PROVE IT!



IN A STRANGE WAY, THE POLICE CALLED ON ME

WE HAVE HIS WIRE TAPPED. WE LISTEN 24 HOURS A DAY. WE DON'T LEARN A THING! WE HAVE A DETECTIVE WORKING FOR THE GUY IN DISGUISE. OUR MAN GIVES THE GUY A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH!

SOUNDS LIKE QUITE A CHALLENGE! I'LL TRY TO HELP.

I WENT TO SEE THE MAN THEY SUSPECTED...

I SUPPOSE HIS INITIAL H STANDS FOR HOUR. LET'S SEE, I'LL SAY MY WATCH IS BROKEN SO I CAN GET TO TALK TO HIM.



AHA, I'M GETTING FAMOUS! THE GREAT NICK CARTER IS NOW ON THE CASE! WELL I'LL FOOL HIM JUST AS I HAVE THE SO STUPID POLICE...

YES SIR, MAY I HELP YOU?

YES, MY WATCH LOSES TIME. WILL YOU SEE IF YOU CAN FIX IT?



PERHAPS THE MESSAGES ARE INSIDE OF CLOCKS WHICH ARE SEEMINGLY SENT HERE FOR REPAIR?

HERE'S A PACKAGE FOR YOU, MR. GLASS.

THERE YOU ARE SIR, ALL FIXED.

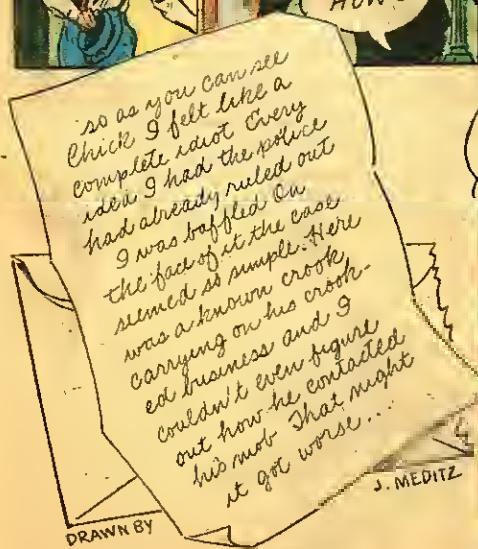
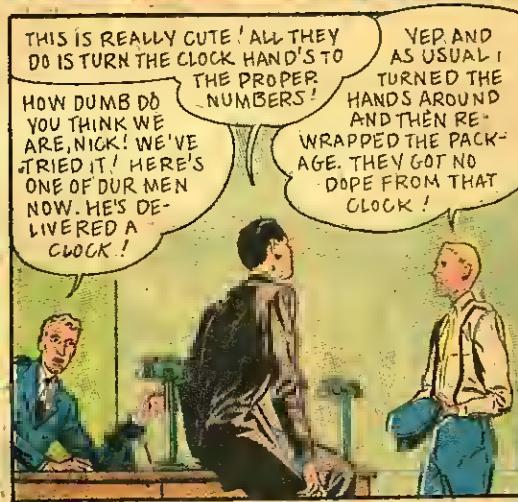


PHONE TAPPED, UNDER CONSTANT OBSERVATION, YET THE CAPTAIN IS POSITIVE HE'S THE BRAINS OF THIS SAFE CRACKING MOB. BUT HOW CAN HE CONTACT THEM?

SO IT LOSES TIME DOES IT? WELL YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE EVEN MORE MR. CARTER?



AS I WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE.....



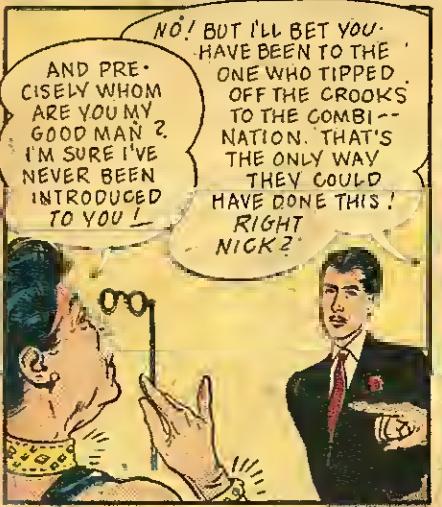
THE PHONE WOKE ME...

BUT FOR ALL THE GOOD I DID I SHOULDA STOOD IN BED !

WHAT? THE ROCKBILT COLLECTION! GOOD GRAVY! THAT'S THE BIGGEST HAUL ANY CROOK HAS MADE IN YEARS! SURE, I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!

MY BABIES, MY BEAUTIFUL BABIES !

WHAT! A KIDNAP-ING TOO?



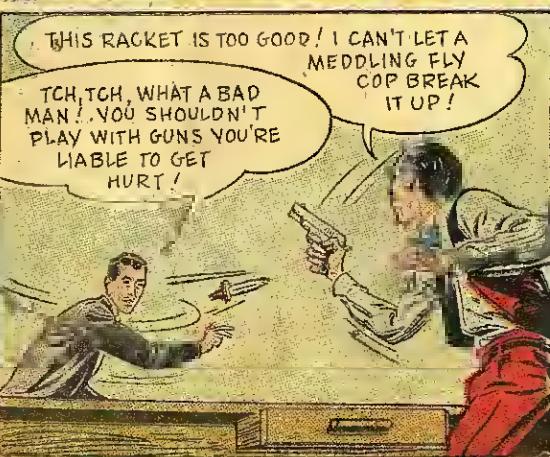
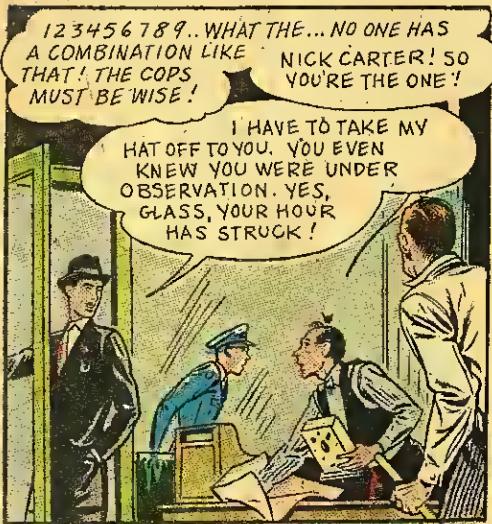
THEN WHEN I DIDN'T HAVE A SINGLE IDEA,
YOUR LETTER CAME AND SOLVED THE CASE...

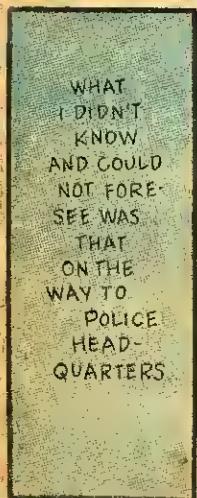


THAT'S IT! WHAT AN IDEA! NOW IF I CAN ONLY USE THAT TO TRAP THE WHOLE GANG !



THE POLICE MESSENGER DELIVERS MY CLOCK.....





NOW, MR. CARTER, I WILL TAKE THE TIME TO TAKE CARE OF YOU!

I WAITED AND SURE ENOUGH THE CLOCK MESSAGE BROUGHT RESULTS...

IF YOU AREN'T A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES ! BACK UP AGAINST THE WALL, THAT'S THE IDEA !

TRAPPED! I'LL BET THAT LOUSY GLASS TIPPED OFF THE COPS.

WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING THE COPS? THEY SHOULD BE HERE. I'D BETTER MAKE THEM THINK GLASS IS A STOOL PIGEON.

HANDS UP! YES YOU HAVE GLASS TO THANK FOR THIS. HE CALLED US!

GLASS TURNED STATE'S EVIDENCE.....

THEY'RE NOT LISTEN-
ING TO ME! WHAT...

I SAW THEM STARING OVER MY SHOULDER,
INSTINCTIVELY I DUCKED.....

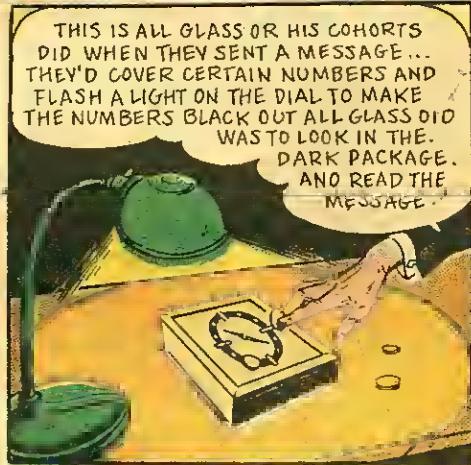
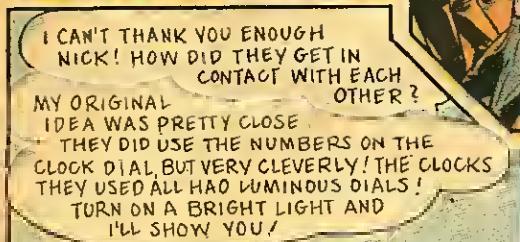
NEVER MIND, GUYS. WE CAN STILL MAKE OUR GETAWAY!

OH, OH, LOOK WHO'S HERE!

SWISH

TAKE CARE OF HIM! I'LL GET THE LOOT!





**BUY BONDS
and
WAR STAMPS
to keep
a winner
winning..**

Inner Circle



"THE LAST TIME HE SAW PARIS!"

"I don't know whether or not you have learned about Francois Villon in school yet. Have you?" asked Nick Carter of the members of the Inner Circle.

Beef, as always, was the first to answer. "Yeah." He said "Some sissy stuff about poetry. Villon wrote a long time ago. Ballads or something, didn't he?"

Nick smiled reflectively. "Well, he wrote ballads alright, but I don't think I'd call it 'Sissy stuff'. As a matter of fact, Francois, if he were still alive, would probably slit your gullet for a crack like that. No he didn't write sissy stuff. He was the poet of the Parisian underworld back in the fifteenth century. And as tough and unruly a gang of thugs as ever lived, belonged to his gang. The reason I asked about him is that back in the time that Villon was writ-

ing, Paris was under siege by the Burgundians, pretty much like the Nazis today. Parts of France were occupied by the enemy, even as now.

"It is a strange thing about Parisian thieves," Nick said. "Even though they devoted all their waking hours to thinking up schemes to rob the town, as soon as the enemy came in they attacked them just as ardently as if they were honest tradesmen. The crooks seemed to resent anyone else trying to cut in on their territory, or else it was genuine patriotism."

Nick could see from the puzzled expressions on the members' faces, that they were trying to figure out what a long dead, poet-thief had to do with them.

"The reason I bring up Villon and his slit-purse crew is that they helped the authorities of their time to fight the Burgundians just as today the Apaches of the Parisian underworld have banded up and are fighting the Nazis, tooth and nail!"

"You mean," said Sue. "that they have joined the Underground?"

"No, I'm afraid not, you see there is discipline in the Underground and that's one thing that the Apaches want nothing to do with! No, they fight their own battle in their own way! The Nazis don't find it very pleasant either. You see, the Apaches have their own weapons!"

Nick made a face. "One of the problems of modern man is what to do with old razor blades. The Apaches have solved that problem. They stick the old razor blades into a potato. Then they put on an old leather glove and woe betide the first Nazi they see, for they throw the potato full in the enemy's face!"

Sue shuddered at the thought of the damage such a weapon could do.

"As you probably know from reading," Nick continued, "most of Paris is undermined with a veritable honeycomb of tunnels and passages. These passages are old, disused sewers and it is there that the Apaches meet to talk over plans. The Nazis have tried again and again to root them out but it's impossible! The tunnels



are age-old and few honest men know all their secrets."

The members did remember reading about the sewers in "Les Misérables." They could picture the ancient, rat-ridden, gloomy sewers, the endless turns and false trails that cut off pursuit.

"Thieves, murderers, the worst men in the world except for the Fascists that they fight, these outcasts have made the sewers their home and they defy the Nazis to come and get them." Nick paused, then went on, "There was one thing that the Nazis were puzzled about for a while and that was the reason why the Apaches wear their hair so long! Do any of you have any idea?"

The members thought for a moment then shook their heads, no, in unison.

"Suppose," said Nick, "that you are a German in Paris. You are walking down a dimly lit street late at night. The streets are narrow and twist and turn. Ahead of you there is a lurking shadow. You are cautious. You go forward slowly, gun in

hand. From behind you a lithe figure springs and whips a garrote around your neck. The shadow ahead of you materializes. It is a second Apache. Let us suppose that you are one of the few lucky Nazis. You are saved at the last moment by a German patrol!

"But your attackers have disappeared down an opening in the street. They flee to safety in the sewers. Your superior officer questions you and wants a description of the men who had the effrontery to molest a "superman". You can't describe the men! For all they did as they attacked you was to flip their heads forward! Their long hair fell down over their faces making an impenetrable veil! The Apache carry no masks that might incriminate them. They don't even have a handkerchief on them to use as a mask. Nature supplies their disguise."

"That is clever!" chortled Beef. "No wonder the Nazis fear them!"

"Oh, they are clever alright!" agreed Nick. "So clever they had me walking around in circles the last time I was in Paris before the war.

"The Paris Surêté which is the French equivalent of Scotland Yard, is a brainy group. But they were completely nonplussed by a crime which they flattered me, by asking for my help on. It was on the face of it, an ordinary, sordid, murder for gain. A shopkeeper was found shot. He died instantly. The thief, an Apache, was found at the scene of the murder. His hands were full of loot. The Gendarmes arrived almost before the sound of the shot had died away. No one else was involved in the crime, no one else left the neighborhood."

Beef muttered under his breath, "not much of a case! If you couldn't convict him on that circumstantial evidence you should. . . .

Nick's ears are good. He heard Beef.

"Yes it should have been a lead pipe cinch. But for one thing the Apache would have had his neck in the guillotine before he knew it. That one thing was the fact there was no gun to be found! The French police searched that store from cellar to roof. They sent out squads to fine-comb

the neighborhood. No gun. Remember the conditions! Remember that the police were there before the Apache could have, well . . . I don't imagine he had more than ten seconds to ditch the gun and yet he did! So perfectly that he almost got away with murder!"

Nick took a drink of water. "It was a week later that a woman going up on the roof to hang up her wash found a gun laying near the edge of the roof! There was a slight drawback! The roof was two blocks away from the scene of the murder!"

"He couldn't have thrown the gun that far!" said Beef.

"No," said Nick, "no jury in the world would have convicted on that evidence! Unfortunately for the Apache, but luckily for the forces of law and order, I found a tiny clue on the trigger guard of the gun."

"What was it?" asked Beef excitedly.

"A tiny shred of white cotton!" Nick answered. "Caught on the curved loop of the trigger guard was the evidence that cost the Apache his head!"

Nick looked at the members who were all leaning forward in their seats.

"I'll give you one further hint and then I'd like you to tell me how the Apache did it! On the floor of the shop, next to the dead man, there was a piece of white string. In the excitement of the search for the murder weapon, the string went unnoticed. It was only after I saw the shred of white stuff on the gun that I realized what the Apache did! Now what was his method?"

There was a long silence. The members shifted in their seats. Beef looked thoughtfully at the ceiling the way he did during tests in school. He should have known better. In school the ceiling always failed to have the right answer. This ceiling was no better.

"How long was the string?" asked Sue.

"About three feet," answered Nick.

"Oh dear," said Sue, "I thought maybe he went there all prepared and had a confederate up on the distant roof. Then he could have had the string leading from the roof to the shop and after shooting the man, the Apache could have had his assistant pull the gun up to his roof. But if the

string was that short, . . . Oh my! I'm being stupid. If my idea were right there wouldn't have been any string on the scene at all. It would have been pulled away by the confederate!"

"That wasn't even warm, Sue," said Nick. "There was no confederate. It was strictly a one man job. Any one else got any ideas?"

A concerted silence was Nick's only answer.

Nick smiled. "I can see that you're all trying to think up something complicated. This was simple! All the Apache did as soon as he fired the shot that killed the shopkeeper, was run the string through the trigger guard of his gun. Then he stepped to the door of the shop and whirled the gun around and around. He held onto one end of the string and let the gun fly! Just the way you would a slingshot! Centrifugal force did the rest! It carried the heavy gun up and away!"

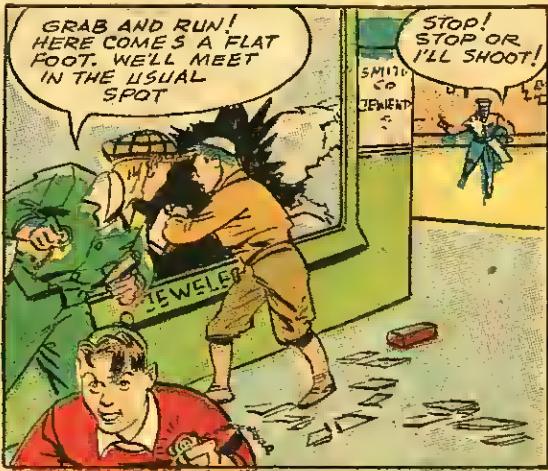


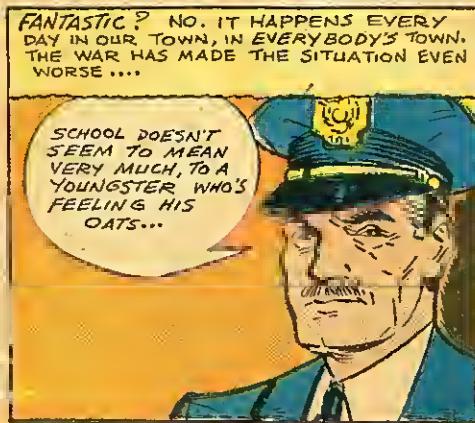
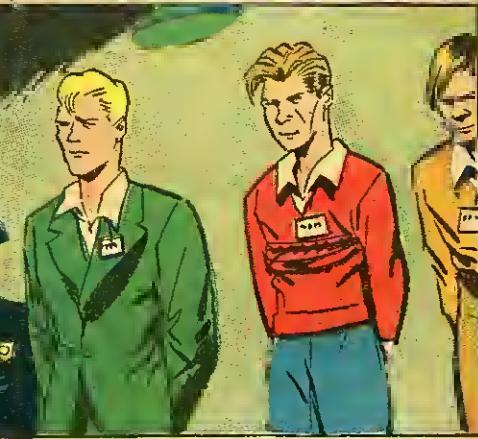
"Well I'll be darned," groaned Beef. "Of all the diabolically clever ideas!"

"Diabolical is right!" smiled Nick. "And it is that same type of mind which is now concentrating on the Nazis!"

All the members of the Inner Circle had pleased smiles on their faces as the meeting broke up. It was nice to think of the Apaches concentrating on the Nazis. For once the Nazis had met a foe with the same type of minds as their own.







THAT'S ABOUT THE PROPORTION OF EDUCATED CROOKS TO UNEDUCATED ONES. IT JUST SEEMS THAT THE MORE BOOK LEARNING YOU GET, THE LESS CHANCE THERE IS OF YOUR FORGETTING THAT "CRIME DOES NOT PAY"

YOU'VE HAD YOUR SAY, NEPHEW. NOW I WANT TO TALK TO ALL MY NEPHEWS. THERE'S A WAR ON. YOU'VE HEARD THAT SO OFTEN THAT MAYBE IT DOESN'T REGISTER ANY MORE, OR MAYBE YOU THINK THAT THE WAR IS SO IMPORTANT THAT YOU WANT TO GET OUT OF SCHOOL AND ...

MOST OF YOU HAVE RELATIVES, BROTHERS, FATHERS, FRIENDS WHO ARE IN THE SERVICE WHEN YOUR HERO COMES HOME FROM THE WAR WITH HIS BADGE OF HONOR. FOR HAVING GIVEN HIS BEST FOR HIS COUNTRY... MATCH HIS BADGE. YOUR HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA WILL BE THE MATCH FOR HIS SERVICE STRIPES. GET IN THERE AND WORK!

AND DO SOMETHING TO HELP. WELL, LET ME TELL YOU NEPHEWS AND NIECES THE BEST WAY YOU CAN HELP IS BY STAYING IN SCHOOL. THIS MAN'S ARMY, MY ARMY, YOUR ARMY, NEEDS TRAINED MEN. WHEN YOU FAIL TO GET THAT TRAINING YOU'RE SLACKING. GET SET FOR SERVICE! GO TO SCHOOL!



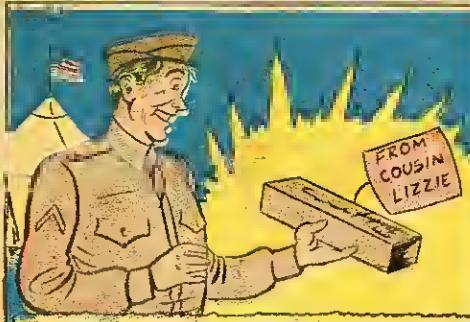
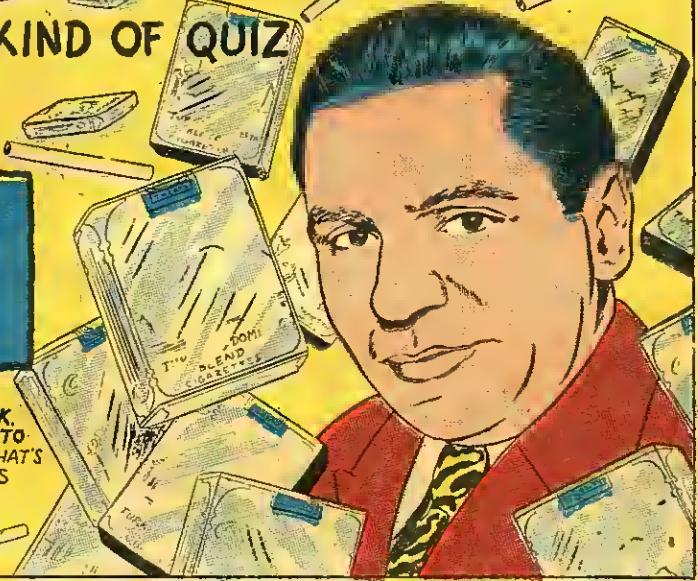
THIS PLEA AND IT IS A PLEA COMES TO YOU FROM YOUR GOVERNMENT. THE WAR MANPOWER COMMISSION SAYS..."THE FIRST RESPONSIBILITY AND OBLIGATION OF EVERY YOUTH UNDER 18, EVEN IN WAR TIME IS TO TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE OF EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES IN ORDER TO PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR WAR AND POST-WAR SERVICES AND FOR THE DUTIES OF CITIZENSHIP." GO BACK TO SCHOOL AND FULFILL YOUR WAR JOB THERE!

THANKS TO THE YANKS!

THE NEW KIND OF QUIZ
SHOW!!
Starring

BOB
HAWK

THERE ARE A MILLION
CIGARETTES NEAR BOB HAWK,
QUIZMASTER OF "THANKS TO
THE YANKS" - BECAUSE THAT'S
HOW MANY CIGARETTES
HE HAS GIVEN
AWAY TO THE MEN IN
SERVICE!!

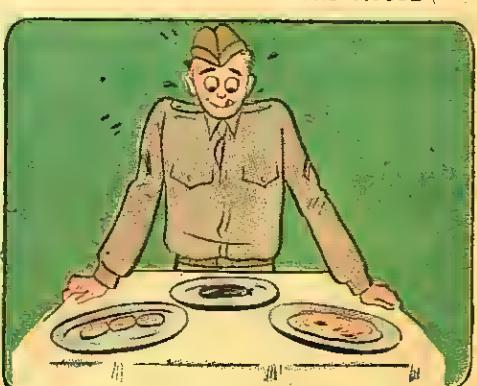
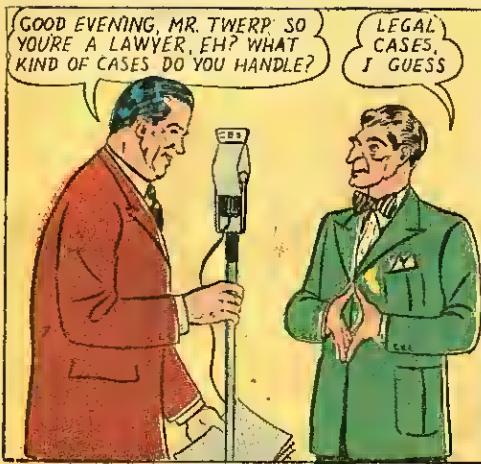


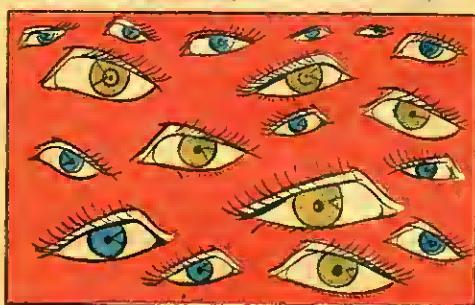
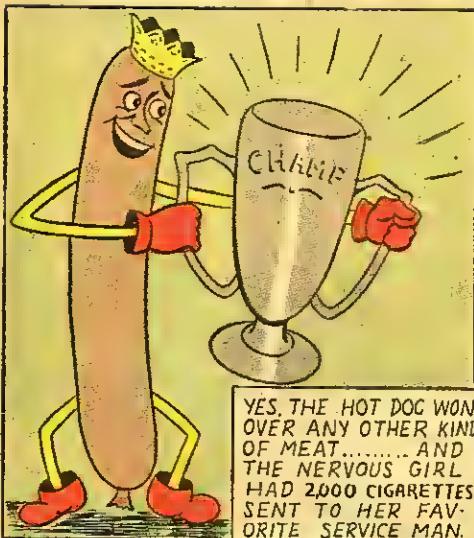
THE IDEA IS, IF ANY CONTESTANT GETS THE
RIGHT ANSWER TO BOB'S QUESTIONS, HE MAY
SEND 1000, 2000, OR 3000 SMOKES - DEPEND-
ING ON THE STAKES HE CHOOSES - TO ANY
U.S. SERVICE MAN EXCEPT IN THE
OVERSEAS ARMY.....

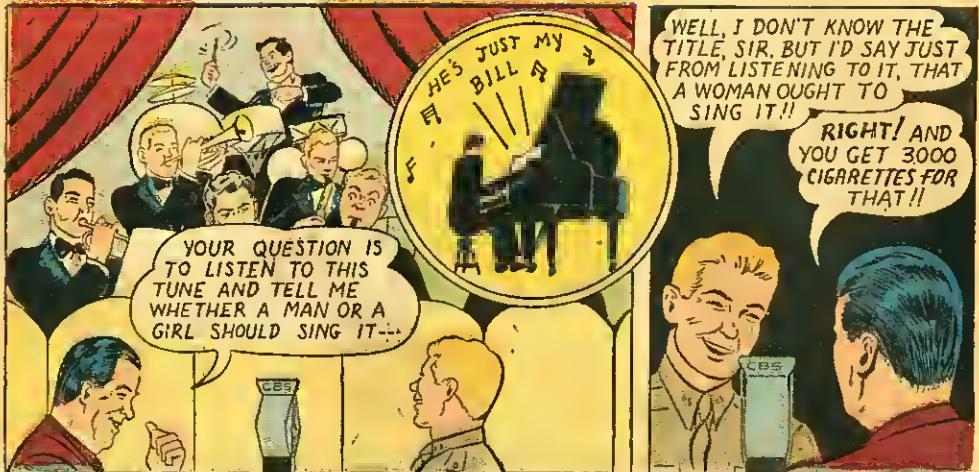


SO - EVERY SATURDAY AT 7:30 P.M. OVER
CBS, IT'S "THANKS TO THE YANKS".... ON
UNCLE SAM'S BATTLEFIELDS.....









THIS SHOW IS A FAVORITE WITH FIGHTING MEN - AND NO WONDER, FOR "THANKS TO THE YANKS" HAS SENT THEM A MILLION CIGARETTES!!



DON'T FORGET TO LISTEN IN EVERY SATURDAY AT 7:30 P.M. OVER CBS TO "THANKS TO THE YANKS" STARRING BOB HAWK!!

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Shadow Comics, published monthly, at New York N. Y., for October 1, 1944.

State of New York, County of New York (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H. W. Ralston, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Vice President of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers of Shadow Comics, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, in wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; editor, W. J. Detmarch, 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; managing editor, none; business manager, none.

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., a corporation owned through stock holdings by Gerald H. Smith, 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Ormond V.

Gould, 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Allen L. Grammer, 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are:

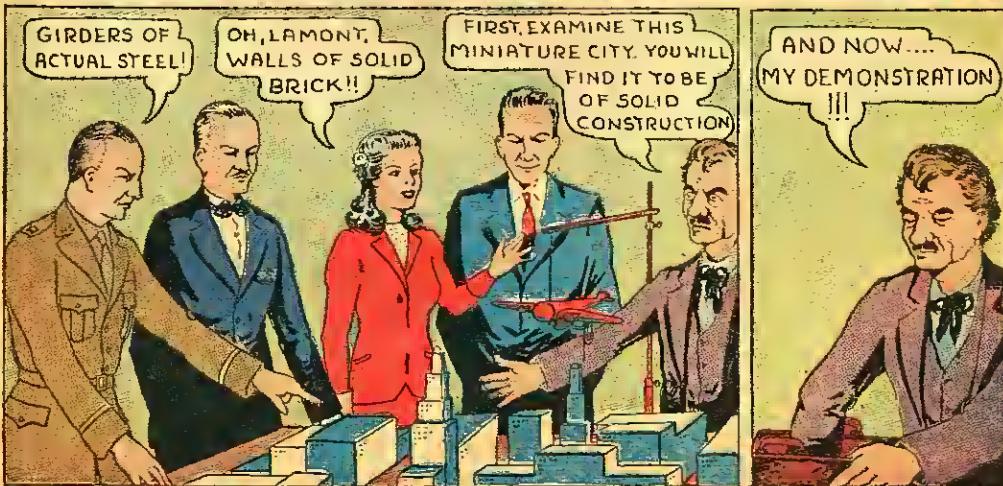
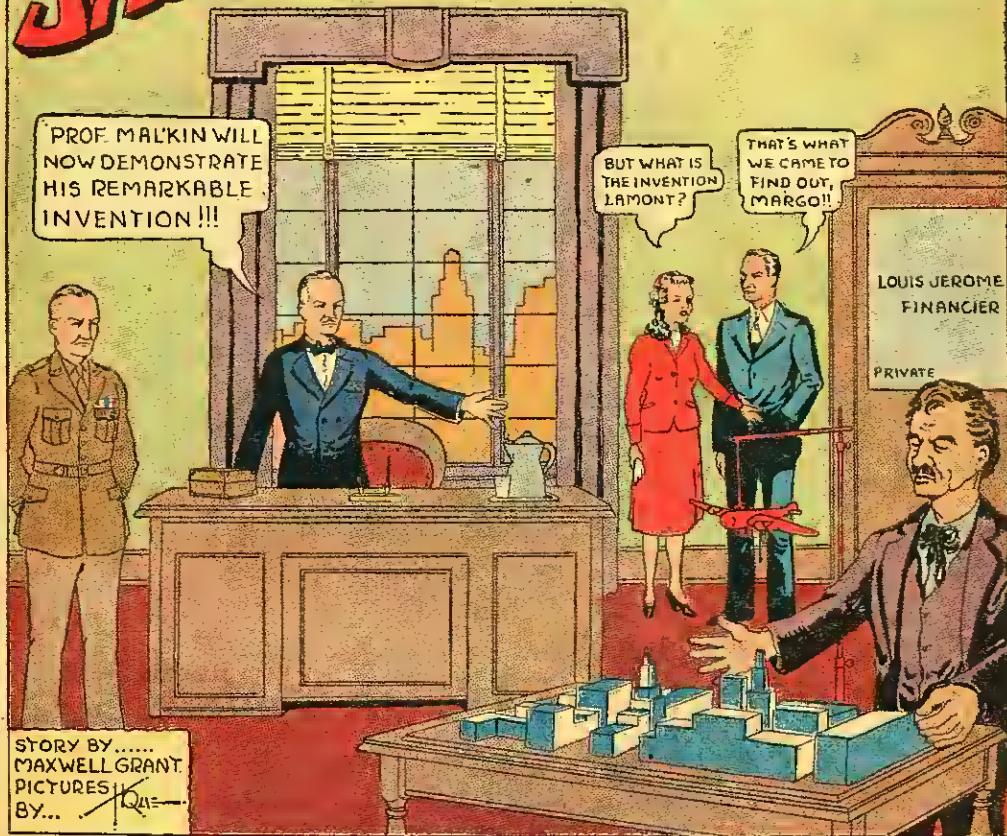
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing all facts fully known and believed, as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affidavit has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

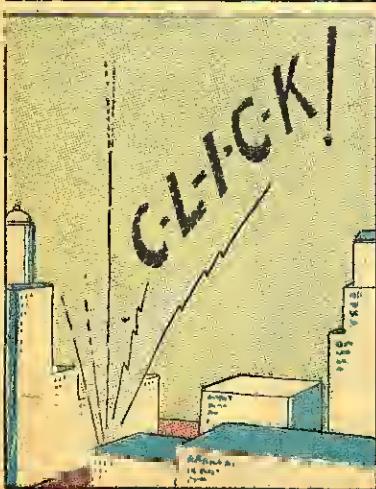
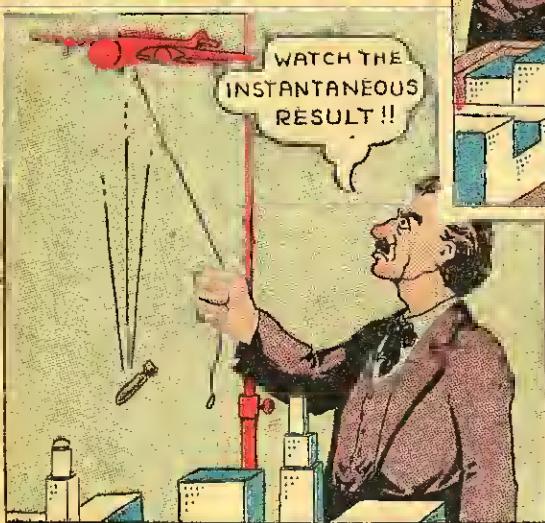
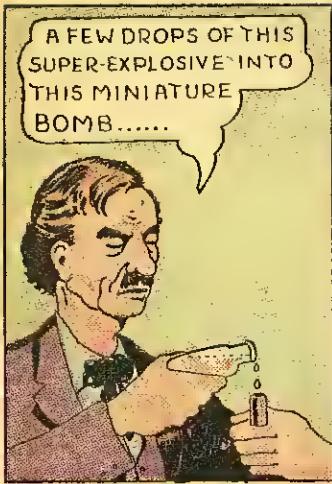
H. W. RALSTON, Vice President,
Or Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers.

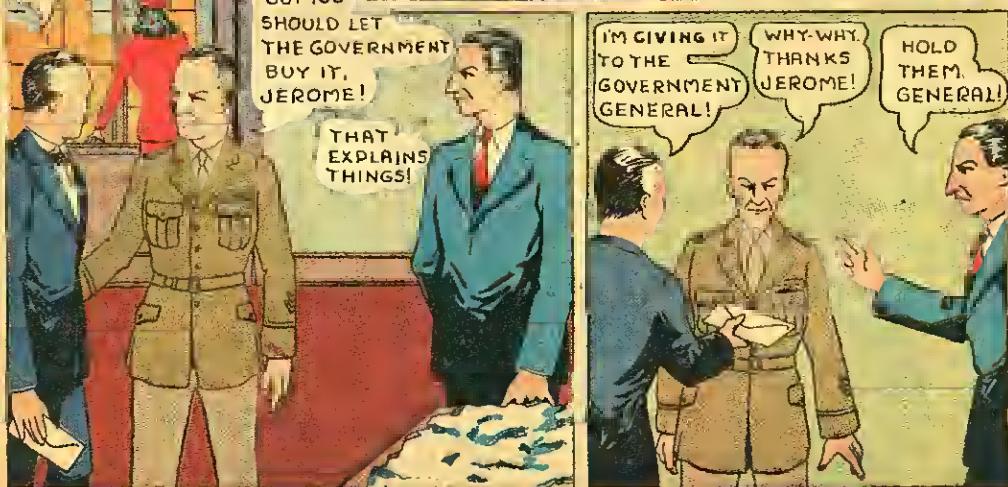
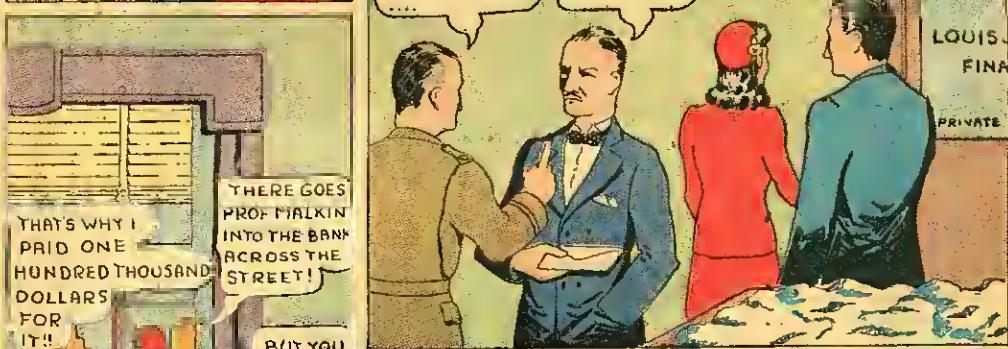
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1944, Edward F. Kasmin, Notary Public No. 415, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1945.)

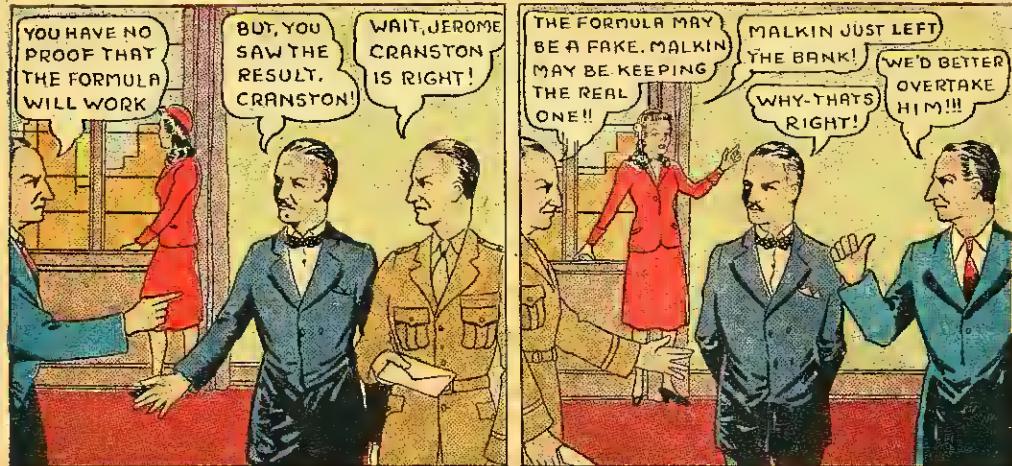
The Shadow Meets

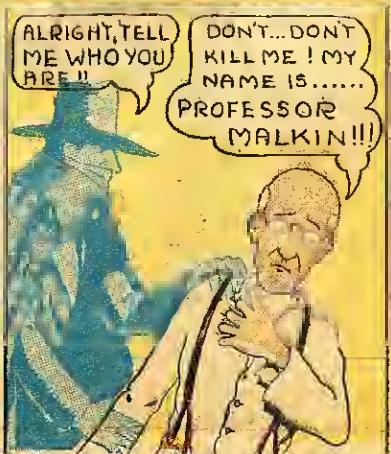
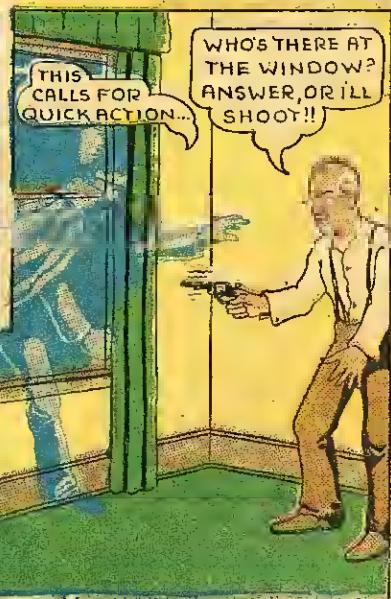
The MAD INVENTOR

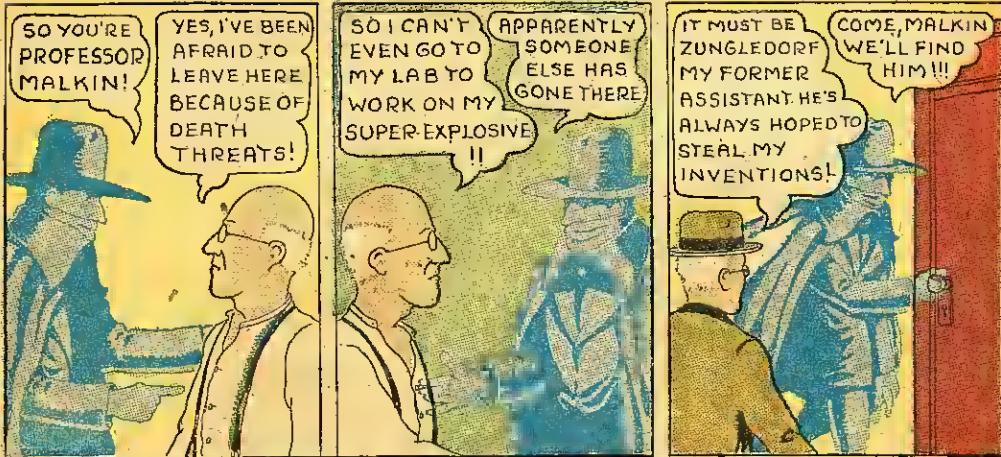


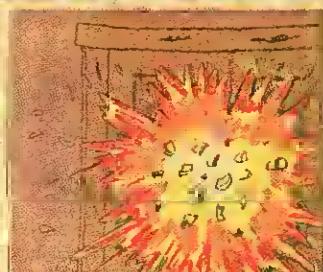






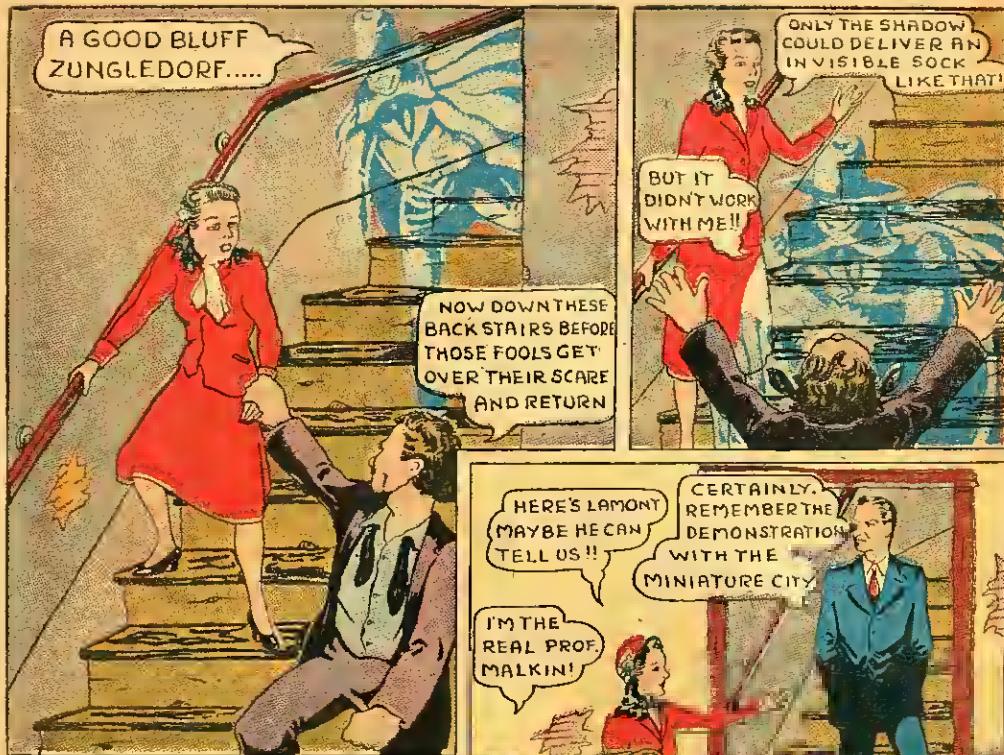




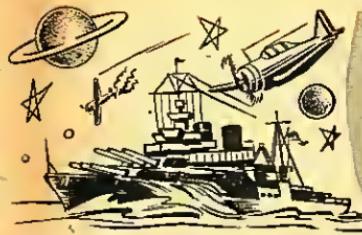


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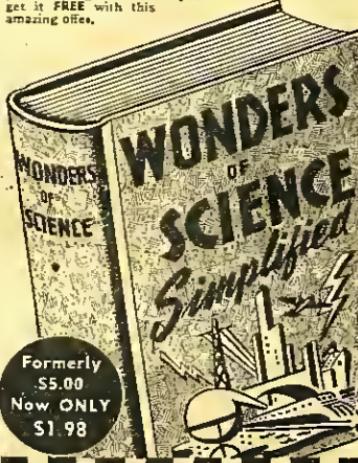
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